

Chapter 161 Incomparably Gentle

Having expressed her thoughts, Rena found herself still shedding tears.

Waylen had been someone she admired and perhaps her admiration for him persisted even now.

Despite his numerous flaws, including a volatile temper and a penchant for physical intimacy, she was acutely aware of her genuine feelings for him.

She genuinely liked him.

However, regardless of how strong her affection was, she could only safeguard her emotions.

She dreaded the idea of embarrassing herself.

With the gentle touch of his warm fingertips, Waylen tenderly wiped the corners of her eyes.

Paradoxically, the more tender he was, the more tears streamed down her face...

In the end, he simply enveloped her in his embrace and lit a cigarette.

Leaning against the headboard, Waylen leisurely smoked,

Leaning against the headboard, Waylen leisurely smoked, exuding a captivating allure.

Women were usually drawn to him, yearning to surrender themselves.

Rena remained silent, nestled in his arms, silently weeping.

Her tears cascaded onto his shirt, warm and damp. Waylen felt uneasy, yet he allowed her tears to flow...

After smoking half a cigarette, he spoke softly.

"Shall we give it another try?"

We'll proceed at a slower pace this time. If you're not comfortable, we won't do it. I only want to ensure your ease.

"

Rena remained silent.

Waylen also understood how she perceived him deep down.

In truth, he led a busy life. There had hardly been any other woman before Rena entered his life, so he had no reason to rush.

Yet here was a woman he genuinely cared for, confined to the confines of their home.

If he didn't engage in an intimate relationship with her, would he not be a fool?

Waylen possessed a keen intuition regarding Rena's thoughts. He had witnessed Rena's outings with Robert. He had

observed their visits to art exhibitions and their shared appreciation of fireworks.

These were activities that held no appeal for Waylen.

Such actions were what the feeble-minded indulged in.

Nevertheless, he felt relieved that Rena had spent only ten days dating Robert.

If it had been Tyrone, things would have transpired differently.

Waylen understood Rena's innermost musings, enabling him to skillfully coax her.

"Tomorrow... Shall we attend a concert?"

Rena harbored no desire for it.

She didn't wish to go out with him.

Waylen knew the most effective approach to handle her.

Once again, he lit a cigarette, took a drag and exhaled towards her. "If you're unwilling to go on a date, why don't we just head to a hotel?"

Rena erupted with fury.

She stood up, preparing to depart. Yet Waylen held her hand and said tenderly, "Allow me to drive you home. Await my call tomorrow. I'll have Jazlyn arrange the tickets."

This time, Rena remained silent.

Her heart appeared to soften, to some extent...

Waylen was fatigued, and he didn't get to engage in sexual intimacy with her. Yet courting a woman required patience.

He drove her back to her apartment.

Upon resolving to pursue her, he acted with great thoughtfulness.

The following day, as Rena awoke, she noticed her white BMW parked outside the building. Waylen's driver refrained from calling and waking her up and patiently awaited by the vehicle, causing her to feel slightly embarrassed.

She retrieved the car key and expressed gratitude to the driver.

The driver proved to be a skillful conversationalist. "Mr. Fowler instructed me not to disturb your sleep, Miss Gordon."

Rena nodded appreciatively, extending her gratitude once more.

As Rena settled into the car, she received a call from Eloise. During their conversation, Eloise revealed that Waylen had paid an early morning visit to Darren, bringing along a plethora of expensive tonics.

Eloise was perplexed about the current dynamic between Rena and Waylen.

Curiosity piqued, Eloise inquired of Rena.

Gently caressing the steering wheel, Rena replied softly, "You

can keep them."

Eloise beamed with joy. She held genuine affection for Waylen and hoped for a positive outcome between him and Rena.

After ending the call...

Rena stared at her phone, feeling a sense of internal conflict. Waylen was akin to a toxic substance concealed within a delectable candy. She knew its toxicity lay within, yet its outer sweetness was irresistible. Resisting its allure proved arduous.

In the end, she sent Waylen a message, expressing her gratitude. "Thank you, Mr. Fowler."

Over the course of the following week, Waylen displayed utmost chivalry.

He accompanied Rena on excursions to Duefron, taking her to art exhibitions and renowned restaurants for dinner.

Waylen purposely chose the Mexico restaurant, where Rena had previously dined with Robert.

Coincidentally, they encountered Robert and his fiancée.

An atmosphere of awkwardness permeated the air.

Rena locked her gaze on Waylen and queried softly, "Did you do this intentionally?"

Waylen smiled with contentment.

"Yes. Allow me to reveal your ex-boyfriend's true nature to you. Look, they make a perfect couple."

Robert also noticed Waylen and Rena.

Despite having a loving family and a beautiful fiancée by his side, he appeared distracted... It took a lengthy conversation from his fiancée to bring him back to reality and elicit a response.

Rena found herself at a loss for words. She considered Waylen to be really mean.

During their journey back home...

Seated beside Waylen, Rena gazed at his profile as he fastened his seat belt. With a gentle tone, she inquired, "Why are you so concerned about Robert?"

Waylen glanced at her sideways.

He remained silent for a prolonged moment before answering in a hushed voice, "Because I understand that someone like Robert aligns with your ideal suitor. If he didn't have an overbearing mother, the two of you would have been together."

Rena did not refute his statement.

Waylen refrained from further elaboration, as this topic was truly vexing.

He drove Rena back and grabbed her arm when she prepared to exit the car.

"Come to my place the day after tomorrow. I'll have Claribel prepare a lavish feast."

Rena hesitated.

"There's a dinner party with our colleagues from the studio the day after tomorrow."

Thoughtfully, Waylen remarked, "Don't consume excessive alcohol. I'll come pick you up after the party."

When Waylen beseeched her in such a manner, Rena couldn't bring herself to refuse.

She softly acquiesced.

Waylen gently pressed her against the back of the seat. After a lingering kiss, he spoke in a hoarse voice. "Rena, dress up a little the day after tomorrow... I want to make it special, for you."

Rena stared at him in astonishment.

Beyond the car window, snowflakes gracefully descended.

The snow rendered the night even more enchanting.

Waylen knew precisely what he needed to do.

He escorted her upstairs without requesting to spend the night. As he descended the staircase, Rena couldn't resist walking toward the window.

On a wintry night blanketed with snow, Rena exhaled, creating a wispy white vapor...

Under the soft glow of a dim yellow street lamp, Waylen leaned against the resplendent golden Bentley Continental GT, engrossed in smoking. He exuded an aura of masculinity. Cradling a cup of steaming hot cocoa, Rena observed him in tranquil contemplation.

She thought that this night was really amazing and he was incomparably gentle.

Waylen indulged in two cigarettes. Discarding the butt onto the ground, he extinguished it with his shoe. Then, he raised his gaze, locking his deep eyes with Rena's.

She had no opportunity to evade.

She had to meet his gaze...

Waylen smirked playfully, exuding a robust masculinity.

He waved at Rena and climbed into the car.

The Bentley Continental GT did not immediately drive off. After a brief pause, Rena received a message from Waylen.

"Do you miss me?"

Waylen was attempting to win Rena over, and he surely succeeded. These simple words kept her awake throughout the night.

If it weren't for the darkness of the night, she might have surrendered herself to him already.

She had also been entangled in sweet seduction before.

Despite her trepidation, a hint of desire lingered within her. Waylen had tantalized her for several days and she, too, yearned for him...

Having engaged in intimate encounters with him countless times, Rena speculated that he would seek to sleep with her on the upcoming day.

Rena remained unsure if she was vaguely anticipating it. Nevertheless, she meticulously dolled up.

Her figure was enveloped in a champagne silk gown, exuding a captivating allure.

She wore a long, white, lightweight down jacket, ready to be shed at any moment to reveal her enticing curves...

A faint blush graced Rena's cheeks as she applied her makeup, and a sense of self-contempt washed over her.

She understood that she had succumbed to Waylen's seduction...